

COPING AND HOPING

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Summary: Vince McMahon and Chyna are both LONG overdue for a vacation...

1. Default Chapter Title

COPING AND HOPING, Part One

>
a World Wrestling Federation fanfic by Clarice_Lecter

>
CHARACTERS

>
VINCE McMAHON, the owner of the WWF. In this story, he and his wife Linda have

>just divorced, and he is beginning to crack under the strain of his day-to-day
duties. He is many years overdue for a vacation, and when he finally leaps at

>the chance to get away for awhile, he finds love with the one person he never
dreamed would be his soulmate...

>
JOANIE LAURER, the WWF diva better known as CHYNA. At the same time Vince and

>Linda McMahon have split up in this tale, Joanie's nearly 5-year relationship
with Paul LeVesque, aka Triple-H, has also ended. The need for a vacation has

>found her on the same tropical island---and in the same beachfront bungalow---
as her equally depressed boss...

>
SHANE McMAHON, the son of Vince and Linda McMahon. He and his sister Stephanie

>send both Vince and Joanie on a much-needed vacation...unaware that they have
booked them in the same lodgings...

>
STEPHANIE McMAHON, the daughter of Vince and Linda McMahon. Stephanie hatches

>the plan for both her father and Joanie to take a break from their WWF duties...
and along with brother Shane, she unwittingly plays matchmaker for them in the

>process.

>
supporting characters

>
PAUL "TRIPLE-H" LeVESQUE

>
TERRI RUNNELS

>
"STONE COLD" STEVE AUSTIN
>
JERRY BRISCO
>
PAT PATTERSON
>
EDDY GUERRERO
>
EARL HEBNER
>
"THE HEARTBREAK KID" SHAWN MICHAELS
>
DEBRA MARSHALL
>
SEAN "X-PAC" WALTMAN
>
DUANE "THE ROCK" JOHNSON
>
"THE BIG SHOW" PAUL WIGHT
>
JIM ROSS
>
JERRY LAWLER
>
STACY "THE KAT" CARTER
>

>~~~~~

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>the World Wrestling Federation, Incorporated. No infringement of any kind is intended.

>~~~~~

>On their way to a SMACKDOWN! taping in Charlotte, NC, Shane and Stephanie McMahon
were thinking the same thing. But it was Stephanie who spoke first.
>
"I'm worried about Dad," she admitted. "How long's it been...two, three months
>since he and Mom got divorced?"

>"Sis, they're adults, just like we are," Shane replied. "And they're still on
fairly good terms---!"
>
"That's not my point, Shane! You've seen how Dad's been acting since it happened
>...how he's been going through the motions like a zombie. When we did the RAW in
Atlanta last night, he barely remembered his lines. And if I have to kiss fucking
>Paul LeVesque one more time, I'm gonna PUKE!!!"

>Shane knew exactly what she was talking about. "Yeah, Steph, I know what you mean.
Joanie's really not been herself since she caught him with Terri...four-and-a-half
>years, down the drain. I thought she was joking in TALK Magazine when she said she
and Paul had been drifting apart..."

>
Stephanie reached into her purse for a cigarette. "When'd you take up Dad's habit?"
>Shane asked quizzically.

>Stephanie flashed him the pack. They were HoneyRose herbal smokes, not the Marlboro
Reds Vince favored. "Like I'm gonna put a cancer stick in my mouth," she grinned as
>she lit up.

>"Those are just as bad, y'know..."

>
Ten miles up the road, Joanie Laurer could barely concentrate as she made the lonely
>trek to the Charlotte Coliseum. Where once Paul LeVesque had been by her side, easing
her nerves, now she was driving by herself.

>
"That sonofabitch!" she wept as she drove, the tears streaming hot down her beautiful
>face. This wasn't "The Ninth Wonder of the World" talking, not now...

>The images played back in her mind...the almost five years, wasted, hoping that she
and Paul would someday be married. It had been

Terri Runnels, of all people, who had
>fixed them up on the road...she had asked her, "Hey, Joanie, you
really like him, don't
you?"
>
Oh, how she wished she hadn't laid eyes on him!
>
She had met him and Michael Hickenbottom backstage at a show,
just before her own career
>took off...back then she hadn't had her underbite corrected, nor did
she have the bazooms
that had made Rena Mero so jealous she'd
ego-tripped her way right out of the WWF. And
>she was on the rebound from a broken romance with a personal trainer
...had Paul been
taking advantage of her weaknesses all along?

>
Michael, better known as "The Heartbreak Kid" Shawn Michaels,
had liked her right away.
>So had Paul, or so she thought. She and Paul had both been trained
by the legendary Killer
Kowalski, and by the time they had met
Paul had been many years graduated from Kowalski's
>school...

>Vince McMahon had liked her right away, too, but worried that a
female bodyguard angle
would be bad for business. Linda, his wife
at the time, had planted that seed...she
>wasn't as warm to Joanie as Vince had been. In fact, some would say
that Linda didn't
like her.
>
Linda was warm and kind on the surface, a trait that she had
parlayed in her oncamera
>persona as "the good McMahon"...behind the scenes, however, she was
anything but, especially
to the women in the company, aside from
her daughter and daughter-in-law. Some blew it
>off as Linda not trusting Vince with women, since he'd had affairs
earlier in their marriage.

>But Vince had kept his word about not ever cheating on her again. He
had been remorseful
for hurting his family. Why did Linda still
punish him, even now that they were divorced?
>
As Joanie was thinking these things, she almost crashed into the
guardrail. She regained her
>bearings, then pulled off into a BP convenience store to get a drink
and calm down. As soon as
she parked, she leaned her head onto
the steering wheel and cried...
>

>Shane and Stephanie caught up with her half an hour later. "Hey,
look, isn't that Joanie's
car?" Shane asked as they pulled in.

>
Stephanie peered out the window. "My God, it is her!" she
exclaimed. "Listen, I'll go talk
>to her while you gas it up, okay?"

>Shane parked the the Trans Am rental car, then proceeded to fill it
up with premium. Stephanie
went up to Joanie's Mustang and tapped
on the glass.
>
"Joanie?" she asked. "Joanie, are you all right?"
>Joanie looked up at her with tearful eyes, then opened the door.
"Honey, what's wrong?" Stephanie
asked, taking Joanie's hand as
she got out of the car.
>
"I almost wrecked," Joanie replied. "And that's not the half of
it..."
>
Stephanie got her to go to the ladies' room with her, so she
could wash her face. "Oh, Stephanie,
>what's wrong with me?" the larger woman wept. "I feel like I'm going
fuckin' crazy!"

>"Joanie, you've had a tough time lately," Stephanie replied in a
tender voice. "You know you've not
been yourself since you found

out about Paul and Terri..."

>
"The last time I checked, Vince hasn't been doing all right, either. I don't mean any disrespect,
>but he wasn't carrying himself too well in Atlanta last night..."

>"And it's got you worried?"

>Joanie bent down and rinsed her face with cool water, then dried it off before reapplying fresh
lipstick and eyeliner. "Listen, Joanie, maybe you need a vacation," Stephanie now suggested.

>"Dad does, too, but does he listen to Shane and me when it comes to taking a rest?"

>"But the shows---!"

>"After SMACKDOWN! tonight, my brother and I'll talk to Dad about letting you take a break. If
anyone deserves one right now, it's you."

>

>Stephanie smiled, coaxing a smile from Joanie. "Do you mean it?" Joanie now asked.

>Stephanie nodded her approval as the women hugged.

>
"Hey, it's about time you two quit hogging the bathroom," Shane teased when Joanie and Stephanie

>rejoined him at the counter. "Joansie, have you had anything to drink? If not, getcha something
---it's on me!"

>
Joanie kissed his cheek, then went to the cooler for a 1-liter bottle of Pepsi, while Stephanie

>got a Mountain Dew---the same thing Shane was drinking.

>"Listen, Joansie, are you okay?" Shane now asked, his tone soft and serious.

>"I will be as soon as I get some of this down my throat," Joanie replied as they went outside.

>"Joanie, I'm serious. What happened to you back there?"

>Joanie relented. "I've had a lot of shit on my mind lately...between being upset about what Paul
did, and worrying about everything, I let it pile up. And I almost wrecked before I got here..."

>listen, guys, I'm really sorry I got so verklempt..."

>Shane gently gripped Joanie's shoulders. "If you can't drive to the Coliseum, me or Stephanie can
drive you, if you want," he now offered. "No offense, but you're still a little shaky..."

>
"Shane, I'll be fine---!"

>
"No, Joansie. Now stop with the brave act and let us help you, capiche? Dad's just as depressed

>as you are right now..."

>"It's true, Joanie," Stephanie echoed. "Shane and I didn't trust Dad to drive himself, so we made
him ride with Jerry Brisco..."

>
Joanie began to cry again. "I had no idea," she wept. "I thought he was just tired..."

>
"Being depressed is wearing him out, just like it's wearing you down," Shane now said as he helped

>her to the passenger side of her Mustang.

>Joanie then gave Stephanie the keys. "I'll trust you," she whispered. "Right now I don't even trust
myself..."

>

>As they drove into Charlotte, Stephanie noticed that Joanie was dabbing her tears away, but still had
a hard time trying to settle down. "Would it help if I popped in a CD? Maybe it'll cheer you up," she

>offered.

>Joanie smiled faintly. "Anything'll do," she replied.

>At the red light, Stephanie reached into her CD wallet and retrieved
a RuPaul CD. "Hope you don't mind
RuPaul," she said as she put the
disc, titled "Foxy Lady," into the car's CD player. She
fast-forwarded
>to the third track on the album, "A Little Bit Of Love"...

>Right now, nothing was more comforting for Joanie...

>
"...times can be tough...
>
bringin' you down
>
'til you're on the ground...
>
tears in your eyes...
>
the pain is so bad
>
that you wanna die..."
>

>"He's not lying," Joanie thought to herself as she listened on.

>
"...looky here...
>
you've got a friend
>
to shelter you when
>
the storm clouds come in...
>
you'll always have me...
>
just wait and see
>
how love's gonna be..."
>

>Almost as soon as the chorus kicked in, Joanie began to sing...

>
"a little bit of love
>
goes a long, long way...
>
lifting you up
>
to a brighter day
>
a little bit of love
>
goes a long, long way...
>
turn it around
>
and you're gonna say
>
EVERYBODY SAY LOVE...
>
LOVE...
>
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...
>
CAN YOU FEEL THE LOVE?...
>
LOVE...
>
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."
>
All the way to the SMACKDOWN! taping, Joanie and Stephanie sang
along to the uplifting
>music. Already she began to feel better...

>
Joanie made it through the SMACKDOWN! taping all right, but it
was clear to everyone that
>she wasn't her usual, happy-go-lucky self. Even "Stone Cold" Steve
Austin and his new wife,
Debra Marshall, were concerned. The first
chance they had, they went to Shane to mention it.
>
"Shane, what the Hell's wrong with Joanie?" Steve asked, having
been gone for several months
>due to his neck injury and not knowing the whole story. "I ain't
never seen her like this!"

>"You didn't know? She and Paul broke up," Shane replied.

>"What the fuck---?!" Debra exclaimed.

>"She caught him in bed with Terri one night...turned out they'd been
seeing each other behind
Joanie's back for months."

>
Just then Eddy Guerrero, Joanie's oncamera "love slave" and another close friend, came running
>up. "Guys, it's Joanie," he said, trying to catch his breath.

>"Is she all right?" Debra now asked.

>"We were comin' backstage, an' Paul an' Terri started smoochin' it up and laughin' at her---poor
Joanie's lost it!"
>
"Oh, my God," Shane groaned as he, Steve and Debra followed Eddy down the hall to Joanie's dressing
>room.

>
Paul LeVesque and Terri Runnels were about to return to the hotel when they were met by Paul's D-Generation
>X partner Sean Waltman, better known as X-Pac, and Michael Hickenbottom, aka Shawn Michaels.

>"Paul, what the fuck are you doin'?" Sean raged, demanding an explanation from his onetime friend. "It's
bad enough you had to shack up with this slut, but to flaunt it in Joanie's face!?"

>
"Bitch threw away the best thing that ever happened to her," Paul bragged, packing his and Terri's bags
>in the back of their rented Ford Explorer. "I'm just showing her that it's her loss."

>"You have no Goddamn right doing that!" Michael scolded. "You know how sensitive she is---God, man, why?"

>Before Paul could answer that question, out came a furious Vince McMahon. "LeVesque!!!" he raged, cueing
Terri to get in the truck.
>
"Vince, you want us to leave?" Sean offered.
>
"No, guys, you can stay," Vince replied before whirling back on Paul. "This ain't gonna take long."
>
"Vince, it was a joke!" Paul begged off. "Joanie can't take a joke, that's all---!"
>
Vince angrily jerked Paul by the shirt collar and shoved him back against the truck. "That 'joke' was the
>last fuckin' straw, you sonofabitch! Now, you and your little boob-jobbed cunt get your asses out of my
sight---YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!!!"
>
Paul shoved Vince's hands off of him. "You're forgettin' something, Vinnie Mac, YOU can't fire me," Paul
>now said in a contemptuous tone. "My contract clearly states that it was your EX-WIFE who renewed my deal
with you, and only your EX-WIFE can fire me. And the last time I checked, she wasn't plannin' to get rid
>of me anytime soon."

>Vince was shaking with anger. "Maybe, but I can STILL fire your little bitch, even if I can't fire you! DO
YOU HEAR ME, TERRI?!?!?"
>
Vince then took out Terri's contract and tore it up in little pieces, then went to the passenger side of Paul's
>truck and threw the pieces in Terri's face. "Stuff THAT in your fuckin' Wonderbra, bitch! Now both of you,
OUT OF MY SIGHT!!!"

>
Paul begged off with a smarmy grin, then he and Terri drove off.

>

>By the time Michael, Vince and Sean were back inside, Joanie had calmed down somewhat, but was still in tears.
"How is she?" Vince asked, his tone much calmer now.
>
"She's quit throwin' things, an' now she's just cryin'," Jerry Brisco replied. "Stephanie an' Debra's talkin'

>to her now, Vince..."

>Vince brought out his Marlboros and silver Zippo lighter, then fired up a cigarette. "I just fired Terri Runnels,"
he now admitted. "I could have had Le-fucking-Vesque canned, too, if it weren't for his contract with Linda...oh,
>that fucking BITCH!!!!!!!"

>"Yeah, Vin, I know," Michael now said. "They didn't have any right taunting her like that..."

>Pat Patterson then remembered what Shane had mentioned. "Doesn't Joanie have a vacation coming up?" he now asked.

>Vince puffed nervously on his cigarette as he sat down. "She sure does," he replied. "And it's damned overdue..."

>Just then, Vince's cell phone rang. "Hello?" he asked. "Oh, Jesus H., LINDA!...You're damn right I fired Terri
Runnels, and I'm gonna make it stick!...Linda, the bitch was helpin' LeVesque cause trouble for Joanie---Linda, I am
>NOT gonna fire Joanie!!!"

>"Uh-oh," Pat groaned, "she's on the rag again."

>"Tell me about it," Jerry replied, "she stays that way."

>Vince and Linda's cell-phone argument became more and more furious. "Linda, for the last Goddamn time, LeVesque's gotta
go, NOT JOANIE!!! You know what? You KNOW WHAT?!? Since Joanie's contract is with me and NOT you, I've decided to send
>her on vacation---no, Linda, you are NOT gonna block it! I've already made her reservations and everything...where's she
going? It's NONE OF YOUR FUCKIN' BUSINESS WHERE SHE'S GOING ON VACATION, YOU BITCH! SHE'S JUST GOING!!! Now GOODBYE,
>LINDA!!!!...yeah, FUCK YOU TOO!!!"

>Vince then clicked off the cell phone, then ignored it when it began beeping again. The Caller ID screen said "Linda"...
that was more than enough reason to ignore it.
>
The argument brought out Shane and Jim Ross. "So much for an amicable divorce," J.R. half-joked. "Vince, are you okay?"

>
Vince discarded the used-up Marlboro and lit up a fresh one. "Let me put it this way, J.R.," he now said, "I wish I had a

>fuckin' beer...Shane, did you call the airline for Joanie's plane ticket?"

>"Just now," he replied. "She's due to fly out to the Caribbean at half past noon tomorrow. Stephanie's also got her a sweet
deal on a rental cottage, right on the beach..."

>
"God knows she's earned it," Vince whispered. "She's been through enough Hell..."

>
Michael reached into a nearby ice chest, then popped the top off a bottle of Icehouse beer and gave it to Vince. "Hey, thanks,"

>Vince grinned, gratefully taking a few sips.

>"From where I'm sittin', Vin-Man, Joanie's not the only one who needs a vacation," Michael now said. "Have you looked yourself
in the mirror lately?"

>
Vince was perplexed. "What the Hell does that mean?"

>
Shane grabbed a brewski and sat beside his father. "Dad, he's right," he said. "Ever since you and Mom split up, you've been
>a nervous damn wreck..."

>"So I miscued last night at RAW, and I miscued again tonight, so what?"

>"'So what?' Dad, your blood pressure's sky-high! You're not getting

enough sleep, and every time you and Mom have a fight, like
you did just now, your blood pressure goes up even higher! And let's face it, Dad, you've not had a vacation---a REAL vacation--->since 1982! All the trips you've taken, it's been 'business-business-business'!"
>Vince knew his son was right. Knew they were all right. "If I go on vacation, you know how your mother is," he now said. "The
second my back is turned, she has this terrible tendency to fuck things up...">
"That's where Stephanie and me come in---we're gonna keep her from doing that. And my wife Marissa's gonna help us, too. Now come>on, Dad, how about it?"
>Vince thought a minute, then smiled. "Book me on a flight to anywhere," he relented, "as long as it gets me away from Linda for a
few weeks...">
>END OF PART ONE
>
Featuring lyrics from A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE, written by RuPaul Charles and Joe Corrano.>Copyright (c) 1996, from the Rhino Records release FOXY LADY.<p><p>

2. Default Chapter Title

COPING AND HOPING, Part Two

>
The next day, Vince was on the afternoon flight to St. Thomas, in the U.S. Virgin Islands, for a month of peace and quiet. His last act before going was to give Joanie the same amount of time off, encouraging her to relax and enjoy herself.

>Stephanie had gotten him a rental cottage on a quiet stretch of beach...per his requests, there would be no telephone hooked up, no TV to watch. He'd spend the time listening to his favorite rock and New Age CDs, reading a few books, fishing off the deck, meditating, and just plain relaxing.
As he kicked back and relaxed in his First Class seat, he was unaware that he would have company...

>
Several rows back, in the non-smoking section of First Class, Joanie brought out her knitting needles and yarn and caught up on the throw blanket she had started two weeks earlier.

>"Knit one, purl two," she chuckled to herself, "knit three, Pearl Bailey..."
She had remembered that one-liner from an old episode of "Ren & Stimpy," but it still made her laugh. She'd loved silly jokes like that since she'd been a little girl, enamored of Winnie the Pooh and his Hundred Acre Wood...much to the consternation of her older sister Kathy.

>She would often think of something silly, or wear something outlandish, just for the sake of a laugh. Like the time she stretched a wire clothes hanger over her head like a baseball cap to cheer Kathy up. "I got hung up in traffic," she'd said upon walking up to her.
Nowadays, the only jokes she could come up with were directed at her ex, Paul. As Stephanie had driven her to the airport, she'd come up with this one-liner...

>"Y'know, I shouldn't grieve too much over what Paul did to me. I mean, it's not like the sonofabitch had a dick the size of Manhattan---frankly, it was more like the size of my fuckin' HANGNAIL!!!"
That cracked Stephanie up no end. The more Joanie riffed and ragged at Paul's expense, the funnier it got. By the time they'd made it to Douglas Airport in Charlotte, Stephanie was

laughing so hard that tears poured from her eyes.

>
Joanie had put on one of her "incognito" outfits so no one would recognize her---a big floppy hat, large sunglasses, platform-heeled sandals, and a cap-sleeved sundress that agreed with her curves.

>The disguise fooled everyone...even Vince McMahon, who was in line a few feet behind her.
Stephanie had booked them on the same plane...among other things...

>
"Oh, my God, Steph, you didn't!" Shane groaned when Stephanie realized her error.

>"I'm sorry, Shane, I didn't realize," she admitted sheepishly. "I just checked the reservations...they're gonna be in the same beach house, too..."
Shane's stomach turned. "Oh, Steph," he grumbled, suddenly feeling very sick. "Do you realize how P.O.'d they're gonna be when they find out they're gonna be roommates---and how P.O.'d they'll be at us?!?"

>"Shane, I'm sorry! It was an honest mistake---!"
Shane knew she was telling the truth, and his tone softened. "Look, maybe they won't be mad...y'know, they really like each other..."

>"I thought about that, Shane...you saw the look on Dad's face when he gave Joanie her plane ticket this morning. He really cares about her..."
"More than he ever did for Mom?"

>Stephanie knew what he meant. "Shane, I didn't say that..."
Shane placed gentle hands on his sister's shoulders. "You don't have to. Let's just see what happens, okay?"

>
In St. Thomas, Vince and Joanie, still unaware of what was happening, disembarked from their plane. They claimed their luggage separately after going through Customs, with Vince still several paces behind Joanie. When they went to call a cab, however...

>"Joanie?" Vince asked, realizing who she was under that huge hat.
Joanie couldn't believe her ears. "Vince?" she asked, turning to face him. "What brings you here?"

>"The same reason you're here," he admitted, not at all angry. "I think Stephanie booked us on the same flight..."
Joanie looked at her reservation for the beach house. "Did she also book you for the little bungalow on 17 Jamaica Avenue?"

>Vince reached into his fanny pack for his reservation. It was the same.
"Hol-lee shit!" he realized. "Oh, Joanie, I'm sorry..."

>"No, Vince, I'm the one who should apologize," she replied. "I guess I've ruined your vacation..."
Vince smiled. "No, you haven't. Take a closer look at our reservations...two bedrooms, two bathrooms. No worries whatsoever."

>Joanie read her leaflet some more. "You're right...two very large bedrooms and two nice big baths. Plus a nice gourmet kitchen, no phone or TV, a list of area restaurants, a nice private stretch of beach, and a stereo when we want to listen to music..."
Vince looked around. "Did you say a gourmet kitchen? Then we won't have to go out to eat all the time..."

>Joanie couldn't help laughing. "Sorry, Vince, I'm not that good a cook..."
"But I am. Anything you want, I can fix. Scrambled eggs, sea bass, veggies, anything you want. Who do you think kept Shane and Stephanie fed while they were growing up? Linda could barely boil water!"

>She was intrigued. "You can cook?"
"I started learning how as soon as I learned to walk, talk, and wipe myself. I can even bake biscuits and fry chicken---after all, I am a Southerner."

>Their taxi arrived. "Any grocery stores on the island?" Joanie asked the cab driver as soon as they were aboard.
"Sure, there's one

five minutes from here," the cabbie replied. "Why?"
>"That's our first stop," Vince chimed in. "Could you take us there, please?"
"With my eyes closed, mon," the cabbie chuckled.

>
Two hours later, Vince and Joanie arrived at their bungalow. It was a beautiful place, right on the beach...
>Vince paid the cab driver handsomely, even giving him a \$500 tip for his trouble, before they brought everything inside. Both bedrooms were equally lush and comfortable, but Vince let her take the one with the ocean view, so she could relax better.
After they had settled in, Vince poured them each a glass of Merlot wine. "Why don't you rest awhile, Joanie?" he offered, a loving smile on his face as he gave her her glass. "I can take care of dinner."
>"Vince, are you sure? I can help if you want me to," she offered, but he wouldn't hear of it.
"Hon, we're on vacation, remember? Let me do for you for a change...now, what do you want to eat?"

>
"You WHAT?!? Booked Vince and Joanie on the same flight?!?" Pat Patterson sputtered when Shane and Stephanie fessed up later.
>"Not only that, but they're sharing the beach house," Shane admitted.
"Aw, man, that is just GREAT!!! You know Linda's not gonna like THAT---!!!"
>"Pat, get over it! Mom and Dad are divorced!" Stephanie now countered. "Shane and I talked it over, and...well...we think this could be a blessing in disguise..."
"It'll put your mom on the rag even more---!"
>"But it'll be good for THEM, Patrick," Shane now said. "Them as is Pops and Joanie. They need a break, and they need each other."
Pat, who was gay, knew what it was like to need someone. He had thrown himself into his work ever since his lover, Mel, died two years ago. He hadn't even thought about finding love again, but knew it was inevitable. And somehow, he sensed the same for Vince and Joanie.
>He calmed down. "Vince thinks the world of her, y'know," he now admitted. "He was really hurt when Paul dumped her for Terri..."
"We know, Pat," Stephanie replied. "And Joanie's been worried about him since he and Mom split up..."
>"What do you think will happen?"
"I don't know, Pat," Shane said, "I don't know..."
>
END OF PART TWO
> <p><p>

3. Default Chapter Title

COPING AND HOPING, Part Three

>
Vince hadn't lied about his cooking skills. As Joanie freshened up in her bathroom, she could smell the marvelous, tangy scents of garlic, shallots, and red peppers being sauteed in olive oil, followed by fresh mushrooms and tomatoes.
>"He's cooking pasta," she realized, tying her hair back in a ponytail before going to her bedroom and shedding her dress in favor of a white tank-top, no bra, and matching shorts. Then she joined him in the kitchen.
"Hi, stranger," he teased as he finished up his sauce, "I thought you were taking a nap."
>"I couldn't sleep," she admitted. "No, I take it back, I didn't want to sleep..."
She smiled. "Especially when everything smells so good."
>Vince's own smile deepened. "This is part of how I relax," he admitted. "Linda used to get so mad at me for not hiring a cook after

we got money...I've always been used to cooking for everybody, so what was the point?"
"Did you try to teach her how?" Joanie asked.

>"You're damn right I did. God knows I tried to...but like I said earlier, she couldn't even boil water, let alone boil an egg...say, Joanie, could you bring the prawns over here, please?"
Joanie retrieved the prawns, large and tempting and perfectly trimmed, and brought them to him. "They go into the sauce, babe," he gently instructed. Joanie added the prawns, then Vince got her to stir them into the sauce as he checked the pasta. Then he went to the wall oven and retrieved the herb-and-garlic focaccia he'd prepared first.

>The prawns cooked in the sauce in a matter of minutes. "What do I do next?" she asked.
"You can set the table, if you want to," Vince grinned. "I'll take care of the pasta."

>He walked up to her and kissed her cheek before taking over. Joanie trembled inside...she had hugged Vince many times, had even let him kiss her cheek, but this felt different. When he kissed her this time, she tingled all over in a way she never had while she was with Paul LeVesque...

>The prawns and pasta were delicious, complimented by the crusty focaccia and more of the heady merlot. Vince and Joanie took their supper on the deck, watching the waves crash in and out in the sunset.
"I was happy as Hell to get rid of that big house," Vince now admitted, referring to the monstrous Greenwich, CT mansion he and Linda once shared. "It was Linda's bright idea, so when we got divorced, I let her have it. I don't mind having a nice house, Joanie, but that was too damn much."

>"I feel the same way," Joanie replied. "One of the things Paul and I used to fight about was over buying a house. I'm perfectly happy with something simple---3 bedrooms, 2 baths, like my house in Londonderry---but Paul wanted a house like Graceland..."
"But not as garish as Graceland, I hope."

>Joanie laughed. "I don't know about that...Paul's decorating taste was pretty out there. He wanted purple carpet on our bedroom walls, mirrors all over the bathroom, and a sculpture of his dick in my office."
Now Vince cracked up. "No offense, but WHAT dick?!? Everyone and his brother knows about Paul stuffing two pairs of socks in his pants everytime he goes out!"

>Joanie laughed so hard she almost choked. "Oh, my God!" she giggled. "Well, I guess it goes without saying that everytime we fucked, I had to fake it..."
"You, too? So did Linda---she was faking it since the day we were married!"

>Those revelations caused Vince and Joanie to giggle hysterically, every joke about their exes causing to laugh all the more. Going through two bottles of wine certainly helped, too.
An hour later, tipsy and tired, Vince and Joanie went back inside to go to bed. They only made it to the sofa, where they crashed for the night.

>
Joanie didn't wake up until 2 in the afternoon, but for some reason, she didn't have a very bad hangover. Vince was already up, seated on the deck and cleaning a large sea bass he'd caught moments ago.

>She went to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of Spicy V-8 juice, drowning it in black pepper before drinking it. She had learned this hangover remedy from Jerry Brisco, and it worked like a charm. After finishing her glass, she washed and rinsed it out before putting it on the dish rack with last night's dinner dishes, which Vince had already washed. Then she joined him on the deck.
"Well, good afternoon, sleepyhead," Vince teased, filleting the sea bass

after scaling, skinning, beheading, and gutting it with lightning speed. "Didja get your nap out?"

>Joanie smiled. "You could say that," she purred. "Did you?"
Vince smiled back and winked. Today he was shirtless, wearing only well-worn jeans shorts and an OZZFEST baseball cap that was perched backward on his head. As he finished trimming the fish, Joanie noticed him for the first time.

>His pecs were much more defined and beautiful than Paul's, his six-pack abs still taut for a man in his 50s. His arms were nicely built, his back was smooth and perfect, his shoulders were very strong. He wasn't smoking a cigarette at the moment, but now Joanie didn't even mind that. Because now, for some reason, she was craving a cigarette herself.
She noticed his Marlboros and lighter on the table. "Vince, is it all right if I bum one of your cigarettes?" she asked.

>Vince grinned. "You don't even have to ask," he replied. "I bought a carton before we flew down, so help yourself."
Joanie lit her first cigarette, and was surprised when it didn't make her sick. She normally didn't like cigarettes or cigarette smoke, but here, now, she puffed like an expert. "Hmm, not bad," she chuckled. "At least now I know why you like 'em so much."

>Vince finished cutting the fish, then wrapped the fillets and put them in the fridge. After throwing away the excess and washing his hands, he rejoined Joanie for a cigarette.
"We can save them for later tonight, if you want. Or early tomorrow," he suggested. "Right now I feel like going out for lunch...how 'bout you?"

>Joanie looked down at herself, then back at Vince. "We'll have to change our clothes before we do," she grinned. "I don't think half of these restaurants'll like waiting on a couple of slobs."
"The Conch House down the street might," Vince now said, suggesting the funky little beach bar and seafood shack nearby. "All I'll have to do is change my shorts and put on a shirt."

>
"I am not BELIEVING this!!!" Linda McMahon fumed when she discovered her children's subterfuge. "Shane and Stephanie sent Vincent to the same beach house as that Laurer whore?"

>"Sure sounds that way," replied Vince Russo, who had recently been rehired by Linda, over her ex-husband's objections, after being fired from WCW. "It's not making the business end of things look good..."
"I can SEE that!" Linda snapped. "It was bad enough when Vincent insisted on getting a divorce! It's even worse that he wants to keep that bitch here!...Vince, have you heard from Paul and Terri today?"

>Vinnie Ru smiled. "They're right outside. And I've got Terri's reinstatement papers drawn up..."
"Good, good...y'know, Vinnie Ru, you're really growing on me..."

>"Even more than Jerry Brisco?"
Linda let out a heartily evil chuckle, then wrapped her arms sensuously around Vinnie Ru's neck. "WAY more...at least your idea of foreplay doesn't involve a plug of Red Man tobacco and a set of jumper cables..."

>Linda and Vinnie Ru were about to kiss when Stephanie walked in on them. "Oh, hi, Stephanie, I wasn't expecting you," Linda chirped condescendingly. "You know Mr. Russo, don't you?"
Stephanie didn't say anything, but ran out of the room. "We love you too, Steph," Vinnie Ru called out, laughing with Linda just as Paul and Terri joined them...

>
Shane caught up with Stephanie in the parking lot, seeing the angry tears dropping from her eyes. "That bitch, that fucking BITCH!!!" Stephanie wept as Shane and Eddy Guerrero went to her.

>"Stephanie, what happened?" Shane asked, trying his best to calm his

sister down. "Talk to me!"
Eddy gave her a handkerchief to dry her eyes, then both men gave her a chance to regain her bearings. "I just caught Mom with fucking Vince Russo," Stephanie fumed. "And she still wants to control Dad's every step?"
>"Oh, my God," Eddy groaned. "When the fuck did Russo get back?"
"I don't know, Eddy," Stephanie replied. "But there he was with Mom, all hugged up and about to swap spit..."
>"Oh, Jesus!" Shane raged. "What else can happen?"
"Yeah, really," Eddy chimed in. "Thank God Vinnie Mac's on vacation, or he'd rip 'em both a new asshole..."
>"Who's to say he won't when he and Joanie get back?" Stephanie now asked. "And I'm gonna love to see it happen."
>Lunch at the Conch House was fantastic, but not nearly like Vince's cooking. Still, Vince and Joanie ate until they were full, and then some, drinking cold beer after cold beer with their meal.
They thanked God for the short walk back to their bungalow, because all that beer once again made them tipsy. At one point, Joanie tripped in the sand and lay there, laughing
>and cutting up, and Vince couldn't resist cracking up.
"Girl, you're drunk!" he guffawed, barely able to keep his balance.
>"So are you," she chuckled, trying to raise up. "C'mon, get me up outta here..."
Vince reached for her and tried to pull her up, but ended up falling into the sand with her. They lay like that, giggling like a couple of idiots, watching the clouds in the sky long after they had sobered up...
>
At sunset, Vince pointed to an ugly misshapen cloud and cracked up again. "Holy shit, that's Linda!" he cackled, still in a very giggly mood.
>Joanie looked up in the sky, trying to make out the cloud. "Where the Britney Spears is she?" she asked, squinting for a better look. That was when Vince made his move.
"She's...right...HERE!!!!" he giggled, tickling her and causing her to laugh hysterically.

>"Whaaaaaaaaa-ha-ha-ha-ha-haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!" Joanie squealed, tickling him back and causing him to break into the giggles. "Okay, smartass, wanna play, huh?"
Joanie then got him into a headlock and brought him to the water. "C'mon, Vinnie Mac, time for a swim!" she teased.
>"Hey, no fair!" he laughed, still tickling her as they tumbled into the waves. They splashed and dunked each other, fully clothed, having so much fun that they couldn't contain themselves any longer.
In the water, Vince encircled Joanie and softly kissed her lips. This startled her, but only for a moment...soon, she was kissing him back, her hands cupping his face as their kissing grew more and more passionate.
>Their tongues met...they had crossed an invisible barrier, and nothing would ever be the same...
>END OF PART THREE <p><p>

4. Default Chapter Title

COPING AND HOPING, Conclusion

>
Vince and Joanie returned to the bungalow, soaking wet from their impromptu swim, and rinsed their sand-covered feet in the outdoor shower before stripping off their clothes and going inside to continue what they had started.
>They got into the large shower in the second bathroom, turning the hot water on full-blast as they took each other in with new eyes. Before Joanie could speak, Vince's full, voluptuous lips once again

sought hers.
He kissed so well, kissed so much better than Paul...

>Joanie wrapped her arms around his neck and surrendered with a soft moan, her mind and her body responding as they never had before. Vince's every kiss caused a landslide of sensations that were uncontrollably orgasmic, caused Joanie to shudder and tremble in a way that was so new, but never felt more right.
She could feel him hard against her, could feel his erection growing as it rubbed and pressed itself against her silky, cleanly shaved almejita...the pulsing head of his cock teased her clitoris, causing her to sob with pleasure. She sobbed even more as he cupped her buttocks, pulling her even closer.

>"Y'like this, Joanie?" he purred, his lips tenderly grazing her face and neck, always showing her the deepest respect.
"Yes," she wept, almost pleading for him to take her. He bent down and softly bit her right nipple, causing her to shudder all the more...then he fluttered his teasing, soft tongue all along her sternum and stomach, kissing down...then back up...always teasing, always teasing...

>Vince returned to Joanie's breasts, sucking and licking her aching nipples and worshipping her entire body. No man had treated her so tenderly during lovemaking, no man had ever taken his time with her before.
In this house, in Vince McMahon's arms, Joanie Laurer truly felt like a virgin bride...

>
By the time they had finished their shower and made it to her bed, Joanie was out of her mind with her desire, her growing love for him. She had always loved Vince, but until now, she'd thought she'd never have the chance to express it, to even so much as tell him.

>"I love you," she wept, finally, the months and days of pent-up feelings finally pouring forth. Hearing those three words, those three simple words, were a revelation that brought Vince to tears.
He kissed her lips once more, savoring the sweetness of her lips, her saliva-drenched tongue, as his tears mingled with hers. "I love you, Joanie," he whispered, meaning every single word, "I've loved you since I met you..."

>He bit into her neck, barely breaking the skin as he left the first souvenir of his love a couple of inches below her right ear. As he did this, he rubbed his left thigh against her cunt, the gentle friction causing her to become wetter and wetter, her clitoris throbbing uncontrollably now.
"Aaaauuuhh, God," she moaned, her fingers entangling in his lightly greying chestnut hair, her eyes almost squeezed shut through every wave of pleasure. She felt so much delight, so much passion, she thought she was going to faint.

>Her legs opened wider under him, inviting him inside. "Not yet, baby," he growled sexily, his Southern drawl even more apparent now, "not yet..."
"Ohhhhhhhh, Vince, you're killing me," she gasped. He eased her frustration with another loving, sensuous kiss.

>"All good things to those who wait, Joanie," he grinned. "I want to get you ready..."
With those words, Vince proceeded to kiss down Joanie's aching body. "I love you, I love you," he moaned, kissing all over her breasts and stomach, kissing her hips...her thighs...teasing her inner thighs with his lips and tongue, then planting a very soft kiss on her top mound.

>"Oh, yeahhhhhhhh," she sighed, sensing what was about to happen next.
Vince continued kissing her there, feather-light kisses all over her almejita, as his fingertips slowly opened her labia. "Oh, God, Joanie, you're so beautiful," he whispered, gazing at her pink, wet orchid. Her clitoris was fully erect and throbbing madly, her tender labia and her opening wet with her juices.

>He then buried his face in her, licking all over her pussy. "Oh, God!" she gasped, the feel of his talented, very experienced tongue and lips like so much Heaven. He licked and kissed her in all the right spots, losing himself in her pleasure and giving her the attention she so richly deserved.
He concentrated on her clitoris, inserting one, then two fingers inside to massage her Grafenberg spot as he licked her. This caused Joanie to come almost instantly.

>"Aaaaaauuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh...AAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" she wailed, experiencing the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had, the tears pouring from her eyes as he made her explode.
"VINCEOHVINCEOHVIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNCCCCCCCCCCCCCEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!"
!!!!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"
Rubbing her G-spot and licking her at the same time had caused her juices to explode all over the bed and onto his face, and he loved it. "Oh, Joanie, that's right, come," he gasped, still rubbing her G-spot and licking her. "Let it go, let it go..."

>Joanie came again and again, her entire body shaking so wildly that the bed shook, her moanings growing louder and louder. She had never had an orgasm so strong in her life, nor had she had so many...each one more intense than the last.
Now she was ready.

>Vince licked her clean, drinking every drop of her flowing juices, then kissed his way back up her still-aching body. She was crying like a baby now, feeling better than she ever had and loving him more and more.
"I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you," she wept, cupping his face in her hands and kissing his lips once again. She didn't mind tasting herself on his lips, her hands racing all over his beautiful body as they kissed again and again.

>He smoothed her hair back from her weeping eyes, smiling at her with so much love. "I do love you, Joanie," he whispered, kissing her and cradling her in his arms, settling between her parted legs for what was about to happen now. "I love you so much..."
His eyes holding hers, he guided the tip of his raging erection into her warm wet. She bit her lower lip and smiled. "Ready?" he now asked.

>"Oh, yes," she sobbed, "oh, Vince, please..."
Joanie gasped as he entered her, not believing he had such a large cock. It didn't hurt her, but now she truly felt like a virgin.

>Vince found her rhythm and took things slowly, taking his time as he thrust inside her again and again. Now he shared her every sensation of pleasure, the friction of their joined bodies, their shared moanings so amazing, so electric...
Now Joanie was getting used to it. "Please, Vince, harder," she gasped, "fuck me harder..."

>"You want me to?" he asked.
"Yes, please..."

>He complied, thrusting hard and fast now, but not so hard that it was hurting her. "Oh, yes!" she sobbed, her arms and legs wrapped around him, her fingernails digging into his back as he proceeded to fuck the daylights out of her. His thrusts scraped against her G-spot, pounded against her clitoris, causing her to explode once again.
He pounded faster and faster, wanting her to come, wanting her to feel all the pleasure she possibly could. "Oh, Joanie, go with it," he encouraged, moaning with her as she came, her pleasure becoming his, "come, Joanie, come..."

>Joanie howled with delight, her eyes tightly shut and her hands moving down to his tight buttocks, gripping his buns as she erupted in another fiery chain of orgasms.

"VINCEVINCEOHVINCEOHHHHHHHHHHVVVVVVIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNCCCCCCCCCCCCCEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!" AAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" she cried, her body shaking and trembling once again, her pelvic muscles tightening around him as she came again and again.
Soon it was more than

Vince could stand. He squeezed his eyes shut and roared, screaming her name as she milked his hot seed from him, draining his grapefruits like they had never been drained before. They screamed their passion to the ocean and the sky, screamed their love for each other as day became night, as everything changed for them in that bed...

>
"What do you think Joanie and Dad are doing right about now?" Shane McMahon wondered as he and his wife Marissa drove back from Stephanie's. They had all gone out for sushi at the Osaka Terrace, the new Japanese restaurant in Manhattan, and they had just dropped Stephanie off at her home nearby.

>"I don't know, babe," Marissa replied, "but I don't even want to THINK about what Linda's doing with Vince Russo! It's one thing to hire him back behind Dad's back, but my God!"
"Yeah, I know what you mean."

>They pulled into the driveway of their house, which lay five minutes between the WWF offices and Vince's new home outside of Greenwich. It was a nice place, a contemporary in one of the town's nicer neighborhoods. "I'm just glad Dad and Joanie are enjoying their vacation, that's all," Shane smiled.

>Two weeks into their vacation, Vince and Joanie's talk soon shifted to when they would return home...career-wise and life-wise.
She knew her angle with Eddy Guerrero was dying down, that before she left Shane came up with the idea that she "disappear without warning." Vince was on "sabbatical, hoping to give Linda another baby" while keeping their divorce a secret from the fans.

>He, too, knew that his "still being married to Linda" angle was wearing thin. It was time for a change.
"This 'Genetic Jackhammer' angle is so Scott Steiner," Vince now said, scribbling on a note pad as they talked. "Whose bright idea was that, anyway...? No, wait, it was fuckin' Linda and her idea of 'keeping up appearances.'"

>"Yeah, no shit," Joanie replied. "And as for Eddy, I love him to death, but he's not exactly my idea of a soulmate, oncamera or otherwise. 'I can't resist your Latino Heat'...phooey. To me, Eddy's a guy who'd be more like my brother than a boyfriend."
They threw around ideas for a couple of hours, then Joanie came up with a solution.

>"Ever get on the 'Other Arena' website?" she now asked. "There's a girl who posts there, calls herself Vince's Grrl, that's wanted to see a romance angle with us for forever..."
"Yeah, I've read some of her posts," he chuckled. "Hell, if I knew who she was, I'd have her and some more of these internet fans writing the scripts instead of the hacks Linda hired. Y'gotta admit, they've got some good ideas..."

>A long pause. "Y'know, a romance angle between you and me would be crazy, but damned if it wouldn't work," he conceded. "The Genetic Jackhammer and The Ninth Wonder of the World...The Lovers from Hell."
Joanie laughed so hard she thought she was going to choke. "'The Lovers from Hell?' Vince, that sounds kinda heelish..."

>Vince grinned. "Not entirely. Mark Callaway brought the Undertaker back as a Harley-riding bad ass---he even comes out to Kid Rock's AMERICAN BADASS. Buh-Buh Ray and D-Von Dudley have a heelish air, but they're turning into babyfaces. Same story with Stone Cold Steve Austin and Mick Foley---they put asses in the seats because of their 'I don't take shit from ANYBODY!' gimmick."
Joanie's ears perked up. "I'll bite, Vince. What's your idea?"

>Vince's smile deepened. "Well, it involves your 'hold' on Eddy, for one thing...remember when Tori would sucker Kane into thinking every

guy in the locker room was making a pass at her? And how she sent him to kick their asses?"
"I'm not gonna have to whine and cry and say, 'Y2J tried to kiss me,' am I?"

>"No. You could make like, 'If you really love your Mamacita, you'll do this and this and this.' Like, you could get him to wrestle all these different guys to make you happy...while all along, you're preoccupied by The Genetic Jackhammer. For instance, you could cajole Eddy into wrestling your ex, Triple-H, one night, then not show up in his corner. Another night, you could get him to wrestle against my son Shane, then have to leave ringside after getting a note from 'a relative'..."
"The 'relative' actually being you," Joanie rightly guessed.

>"Exactly," he replied.
"I love it," she whispered, lightly kissing his chin, "and I love you..."

>Her lips now moved to his, kissing him passionately and deeply...kissing him again and again and again. "I love you, too, Joanie," he purred between kisses. "I love you so much..."
"Just one thing," she now said, "how do we give ourselves away?"

>Another loving kiss. "That's where SUMMERSLAM comes in, babe," he replied. "On that night, we can get Eddy booked to wrestle Stephanie's new man, Kurt Angle, just before she 'dumps' Triple-H for him. Stephanie will show up at ringside, supposedly to distract you, but she's in on this as well. That's when she'll throw you a lead pipe, which you'll use to accidentally-on-purpose 'nut' Eddy. Don't worry, we'll have Eddy wearing a cup so he won't get hurt..."
"This'll cost Eddy his match against Kurt, and Eddy will demand to know why I cost him the match," Joanie now said. "And that's when you come back."

>"Now you've got it...Kurt and Stephanie will be outside the ring, looking on as Eddy confronts you. While Eddy's back is turned, I'll come out, causing you to light up like a Christmas tree..."
"And that's when Eddy gets 'dumped.'"

>"Damn straight. And later in the night, we'll be on hand when Stephanie finally 'dumps' your ex for Kurt Angle...and where you and I are concerned, our oncamera relationship ain't gonna be no work..."
Their kissing resumed, their love for each other still continuing to blossom after two weeks together.

>
At SUMMERSLAM, everything they had planned came to pass. Joanie and Vince "dumped" Eddy Guerrero and Linda for each other, Stephanie "dumped" Paul for Kurt Angle, and Y2J became WWF Champion. And as Vince has promised, he and Joanie's real-life romance became the main storyline.

>Their romance did not die after that month on St. Thomas, but continued to grow and bloom as fresh as the flower beds Joanie had planted around the home they now shared. She gave her home in Londonderry, NH to her sister, and he gave his new Stamford home to Stephanie, so they could buy a small farm in his home state of North Carolina.
Their new home was near Lake Lure, and was very secluded and peaceful. The fresh mountain air was a dramatic improvement over the cultural smog of Greenwich, CT, over the painful memories they had left behind.

>When they weren't on the road with the WWF and Vince's new football league, the XFL, they went here. They would go canoeing on the lake, go shopping in Asheville, take time out for themselves. Vince also taught Joanie how to cook, and before long she could cook just as well as he.
But like many couples, they didn't limit their cooking to the kitchen...

>
THE END...?

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End
file.